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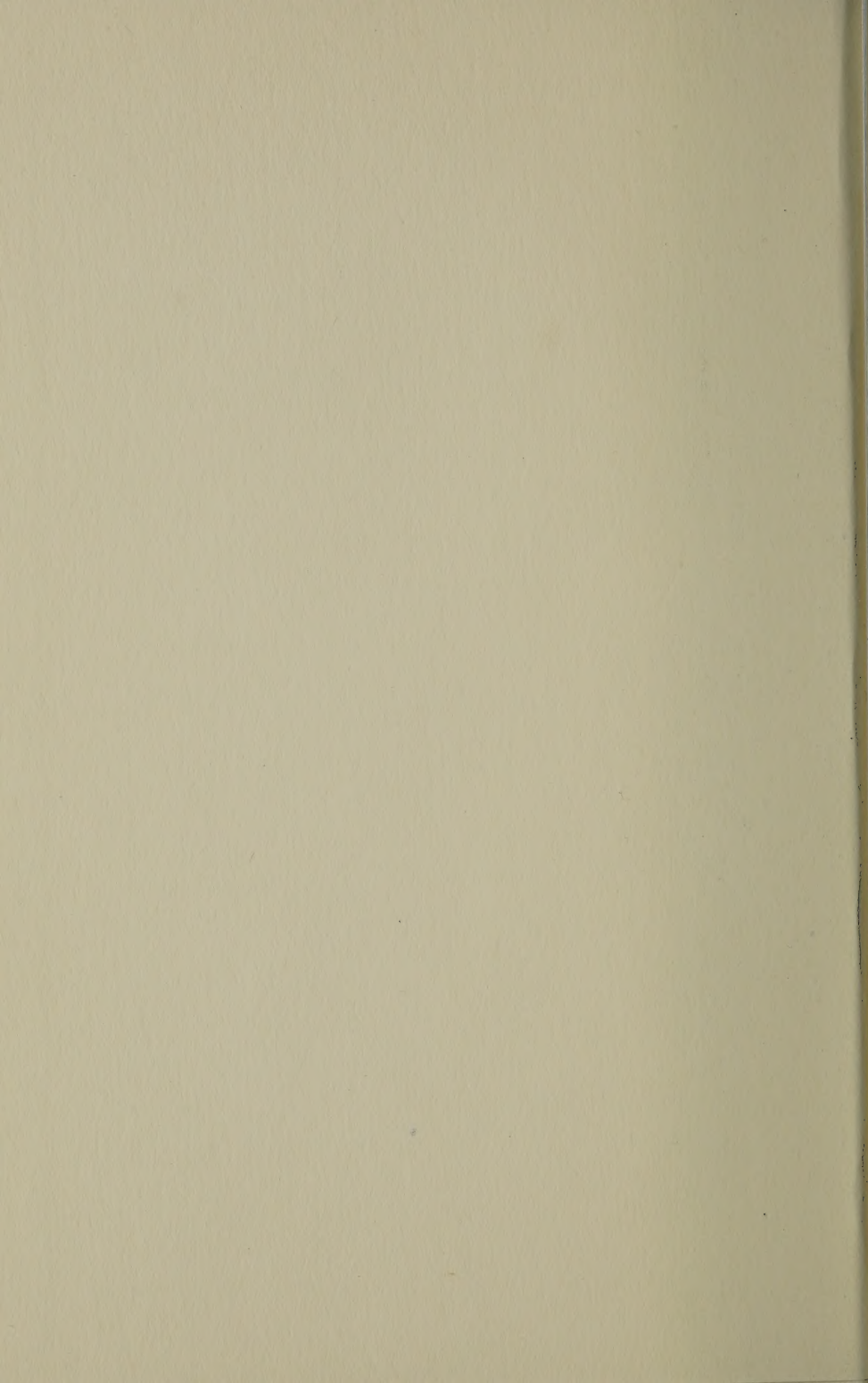
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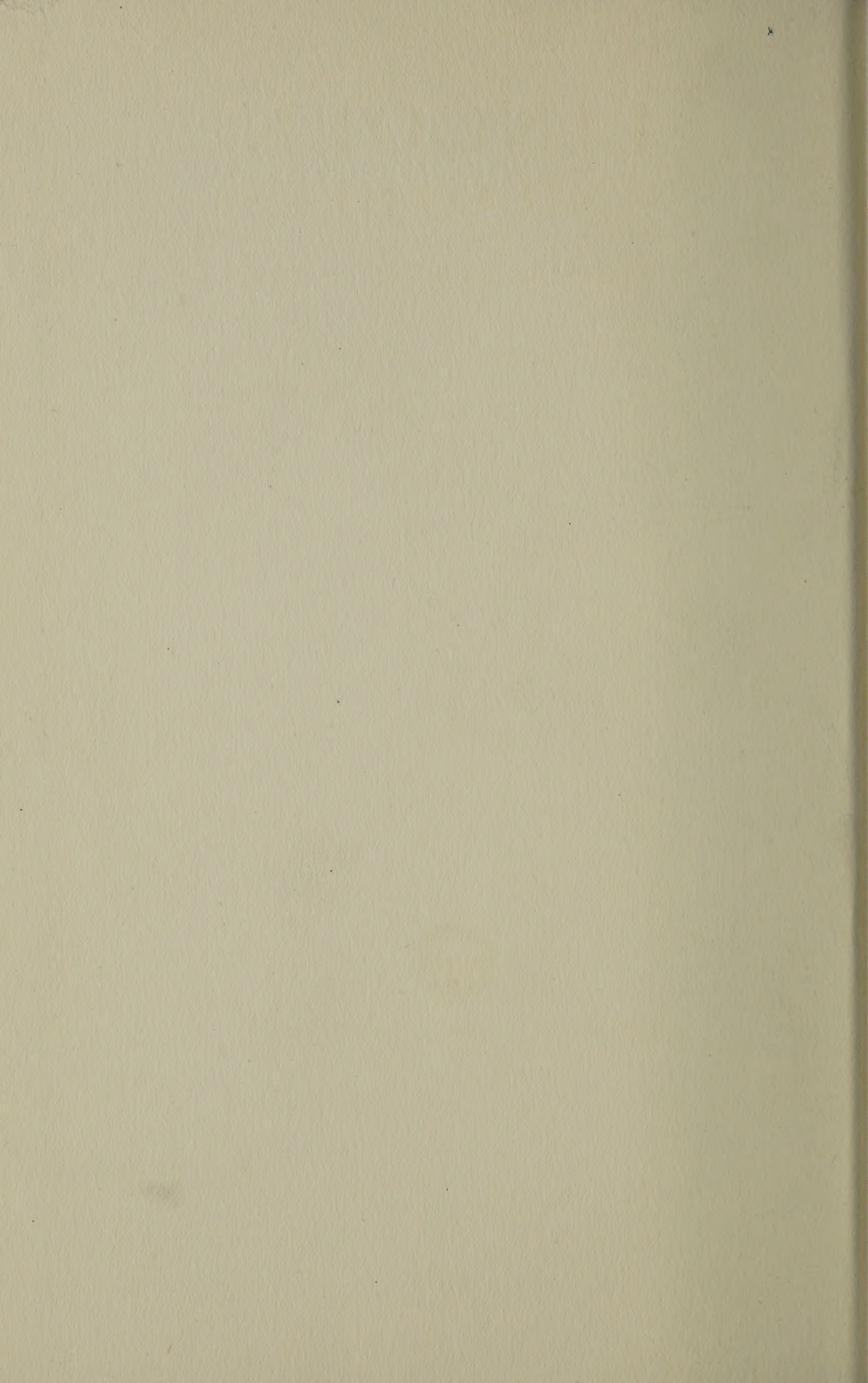




LINCOLN AND OTHERS

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THOMAS CURTIS CLARK





# LINCOLN AND OTHERS

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THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

NEW  YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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LINCOLN AND OTHERS. II

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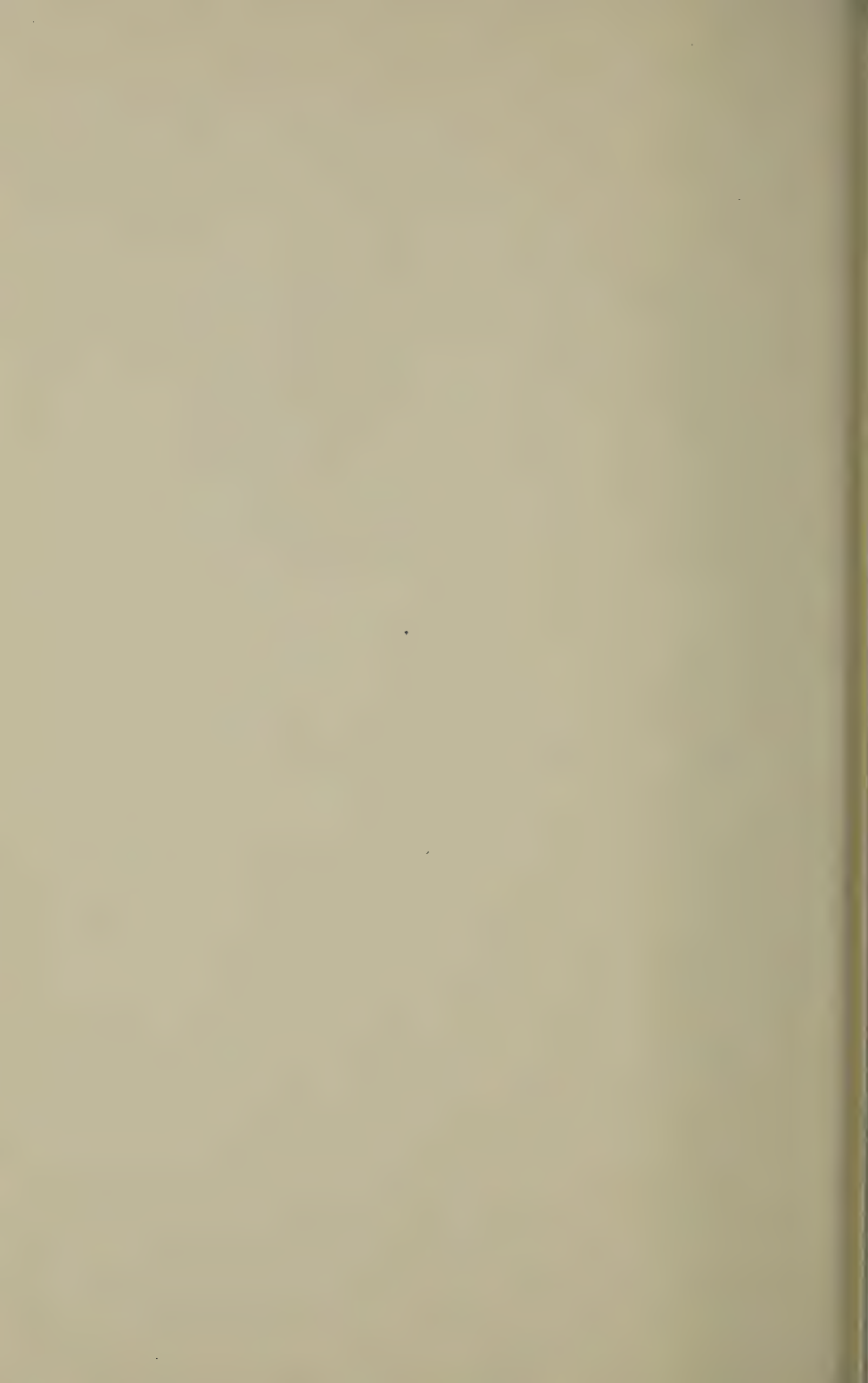
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO  
MY MOTHER





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## *Lincoln*

*Wise with the wisdom of ages,  
Shrewd as a man of trade,  
Grim as the prophets and sages,  
Keen as a damask blade;*

*Firm as a granite-ribbed mountain,  
Tender as woman's song,  
Gay as a scintillant fountain—  
Yet was he oaken-strong.*

*Here, the wonder of æons:  
Born unto pain and strife;  
Dead, 'mid a thousand pæans,  
Deathless, he enters life.*

*The Miracle*

The wild Kentucky hills were touched of God,  
And lo! a child was born. His sires, unknown,  
Dreamed not that God would for their tears atone  
By raising from their midst a king. The sod  
On which they walked was cursed to them,  
Begrudging them their bread, for all their toil;  
But it was holy ground; for from that soil  
Should come a chosen one; the diadem  
Upon his brow should be no piece of gold,  
But, like his lowly Lord's, a thorny crown.  
Upon his cross he died; they took him down,  
And lo! they found, before the day was old,  
That they had crucified their one true friend:  
Despite their hate, he loved them to the end.



*At Gentryville*

From these dark streets flamed forth a brilliant  
 light,  
 This miry clay produced a mighty tree,  
 From this rude town emerged the bravest knight  
 That ever fought for human liberty.  
 Can it have been he found his splendid dream  
 Amid these shacks, where giant rats run wild?  
 Perhaps from heaven a high, prophetic gleam  
 Ensnared his heart, the while he thought and smiled.  
 This very spot was where he laughed and talked;  
 They say he whittled, whiling hours away.  
 His naked feet these slimy alleys walked,  
 And in this hut, perhaps, he learned to pray.  
 This is the tale of tales since time began—  
 How squalor travailed and brought forth a man!

*Greatheart*

They took small note of him, the great, the wise,  
the rich,

Who saw him come from Illinois, a wild, crude  
State—

A country lawyer to decide a Nation's fate!

They held him foolish to accept so high a niche—

What, President! Unkempt, unlearned and unre-  
fined

They called him, and withdrew for private talk.

They joked about his ancestry, and by his walk

They feigned to guess his farmer lineage. How  
blind

Were they who could not see the fire that burned  
within

Those glowing eyes, who failed to note the mighty  
strength

Of those toil-hardened arms! His gaunt limbs'  
sprawling length

Should have proclaimed to them a giant's stride!

Their sin

Was not to know the great, enduring heart of him,

Our most beloved, whose fame the ages cannot dim.

*At Gettysburg*

The whole world came to hear him speak that day  
And all the ages sent their scribes to see  
And hear what word the new land had to say  
Of God and man and truth and liberty.  
Homer was there and Socrates and Paul,  
Shakespeare and Luther, Pitt, Cavour and Bright,  
With Washington—stanch friends of freedom all;  
Nor did he fail: he lifted there a light  
For all the earth to see, from fires of truth  
That surged within his breast. Yet that crude throng  
Of men knew not that through this man uncouth  
God spake as through old prophets, stern and strong.  
They turned away, these men, but angels bent  
From heaven to hear those flaming words, God-sent.

*The Democrat*

Upon him fell a heritage of hate,  
And he, who loved the fields of rustling corn,  
Took up the load; and then a thought was born—  
A thought that soon would shake the walls of state.  
The dream was his, that government should be  
Unselfish as the morning sun;  
Unwearying, alert, lest wrong be done  
To any man or child. No vanity  
Of pomp or power could move him from his will  
To champion the cause of truth in public life.  
He bent him to his task; but in the strife  
That noble form was felled. His foes could kill  
The mortal man, they could not stay his dream,  
Which now, on darkened earth, casts far its gleam.

*The Tragedy*

The wisdom of old Plato was in him;  
 Isaiah's vision lit his way of life;  
 A strength like mighty Samson's met the strife  
 His day decreed: and still he was not grim,  
 For in his face the love of Jesus shone,  
 And in his hand was grace and tenderness;  
 He had no thought except to give and bless,  
 His human smile could melt a heart of stone.  
 And yet, alas! he walked a path of woe;  
 Despised, accursed, he wore a thorny crown;  
 When all the world proclaimed his high renown,  
 A madman's bullet hissed and laid him low.  
 One other crime was dastardly as this—  
 When Judas damned his Savior with a kiss.



*The Revelation*

He walked among us and we passed him by  
And thought him but a country lawyer, crude  
As our red prairies are, and more than rude,  
Who revelled in his jokes and deviltry.  
We could not know the heart within that breast  
Until the blood flowed freely from the wound  
A traitor made; then was it that we found  
That God had loaned us for a time His Best.  
And now the nations, since their kings are gone,  
Have taken him across the wide-flung sea  
To rule their hearts as well as ours; to be  
The goal of their desires, with breaking dawn.

*The Hand of Lincoln*<sup>1</sup>

This hand grew strong by felling stubborn trees  
 That barred the way of freedom for our sires;  
 And here in Illinois it lit the fires  
 That should destroy those age-long dynasties  
 Of vested right and selfish power that broke  
 The spirit of a race. He saw their grief  
 With deep, sad eyes, and vowed their sure relief—  
 And then the Voice of God and Freedom spoke!  
 This hand clinched hard the tyrant's rod of hate  
 And tore it from his grasp. A people's prayer  
 Went up to God, who seeing their despair  
 Had sent to them a Friend both good and great.

<sup>1</sup> Written after viewing a cast of Lincoln's right hand.

*The Christian*

His foes declared him blasphemous, perverse,  
Ignoring God and heedless of His word.  
They said he lacked in fineness, who preferred  
To market jokes, rude stories to rehearse.  
He was no white-robed saint: a strong man he  
Who loved to wrestle with the devil's brood  
That lurked behind the fashions of the good.  
He scorned all shams, and for hypocrisy  
He held a hatred such as Christ alone,  
The scourge of haughty Pharisees, could know.  
Those painted masks of Christians felt his blow,  
And at his blameless name each cast a stone.  
Not by their words, but by their fruits, said He,  
Who also knew the sting of calumny.

*The Master*

We need him now—his rugged faith that held  
Fast to the rock of truth through all the days  
Of toil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld  
By very God was he—that God who stays  
All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,  
And trusting, labour as if God were not.  
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim  
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:  
To keep his people one; to hold them true  
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—  
Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew  
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.  
Such was his task, and well his work was done—  
Who willed us greater tasks, when set his sun.

*The World's Verdict*

One sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,  
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;  
    The wild desert sands  
    Became gold in his hands;  
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

One sought out the secrets of planet and star;  
He revelled in problems of granite and spar;  
    He hungered to know  
    All the earth could bestow;  
And the world called him Scholar—and praised him.

One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;  
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face;  
    He heeded their plea,  
    And he set their hands free;  
And the world called him Brother—and loved him.







## *Shackleton*

Your goal was not some island of the blest,  
A zone of gardens, sweet with pink and chrome;  
You had no thought to find at last a home  
Where you might pause, by labours unopprest:  
Fearless and strong, you set upon your quest;  
Ice-fanged the ways that lured your dauntless ship,  
Endless the night that held you in its grip,  
But stout the heart that beat within your breast.  
You were of Norman breed, bold viking soul;  
You rode the icebergs as a summer sea;  
Their crystal peaks, their cold, strange mystery  
Lured on and on—then death revealed your goal:  
You dropped your anchor, dared the ghastly shade,  
And faced your Captain, calm and unafraid.

*Theodore Roosevelt, Warrior*

In early years your valiant fight began,  
 When in the wilds you sought the boon of health;  
 Your spirit then revealed a brimming wealth  
 Of faith and force, which told the coming man.  
 In later days, more confident and strong,  
 You chose to serve where public storms were rife:  
 You strove with zeal to free the Nation's life  
 From lust of office, greed and vested wrong.  
 When flames of war enveloped half the world,  
 When truth was throttled by a crazy king,  
 You seized the lash, and whipped us, loitering,  
 And roused our might, till hell was backward hurled.  
 You proved a victor to your last life breath;  
 You could not stay the subtle warrior, Death.

*To Carl Sandburg*

Your songs are born of tragedy and toil;  
Not yours the lyrics of romantic love,  
Light sung; your muse is not a woodland dove  
With poignant notes of loveliness. Hard toil  
And bending backs and bitter oaths you sing.  
You chant the fears of fathers, homeless, worn;  
You sing the tears of mothers, anxious, torn  
By poverty; and children, whom the sting  
Of winter marks for early death—they lift  
Their hearts to you. Yours is the priceless gift  
Of sympathy; you crave for men the bloom  
Of life, its roses and its songs. You doom  
With your strong voice the robbers of the marts  
Who build their wealth on shards of human hearts.



*To Walt Whitman*

You had no zest for lilting roundelays  
Of perfumed love and highly spiced romance;  
Your thought was anchored in the wide expanse  
Of universal being. Let the praise  
For slender songs and sonnets be to those  
Who know not high adventure, smug, content  
To be within life's study-windows pent,  
Past which no wind of great emotion blows.  
Your thought was tidal, and your dreams were  
drenched  
With seas tempestuous and thunder-rocked.  
Your arm with Neptune's arm was interlocked  
As you strode—then as now—with youth un-  
quenched.  
No idle singer of an empty day,  
You hold, with sun and stars, your cosmic way.

*Shakespeare*

On Avon's bank he dwelt, yet in his heart  
He carried all the world of mortal men.  
His fellows were no more within his ken  
Than Antony and Cæsar. He was part  
Of mankind's cosmos, and no soul was strange  
To him. The jealous Moor, Macbeth the king  
Of blood, the luckless Jew, all suffering  
The pangs of this earth life, were in the range  
Of his great heart; and with sad Hamlet he,  
Our chief philosopher, would read the scroll  
Of human life aright. The tortured soul  
Of Lear brought grief to him, in sympathy  
The greatest of them all who, English-bred,  
Have been by all mankind inherited.

*In Shakespeare's Town*

In this old town, by Avon's quiet stream,  
Great Shakespeare dwelt, and built, of fact and  
dream,  
His deathless plays. Within these simple walls  
He sat and mused, and lo! dark castle halls,  
High palaces and gruesome caves were there,  
To tell their tales of lords and ladies fair,  
Of clowns and shepherds; fairies swarmed about,  
Dread armies thronged and put their kings to rout;  
And even witches hovered at his side  
With presage dire; fair maidens loved and died,  
And mad philosophers held forth with him  
In argument of life; in battles grim  
Brave knights went down, while cruel lances  
gleamed—  
Thus life went by, while Shakespeare sat and  
dreamed.

*On Rereading Keats*

The dew was on your brow, fair child of dawn;  
Your vision was unwearied by the day,  
Which wears upon us sore who tread the way  
From youth to age. Earth's woe lay light upon  
Your buoyant heart, which had the native grace  
To carry spring into the winter drear.  
Life's discords changed to music for your ear,  
As sorrow bloomed in smiles upon your face.  
Ah! would your gift were ours, whose souls are dead,  
Slain by the subtle fiends of greed and pride;  
Love on a golden cross is crucified,  
And from the harp of life the song has sped.  
Breathe into us, who faint, your vital breath;  
Release our spirits from the gyves of death.

*To Homer, Poet Eternal*

They said, O Grecian bard, that you were blind,  
But they were wrong who spread that foolish tale.  
Your eyes saw far; no narrow Attic vale  
Could bar your view; as freely as the wind  
Your vision scanned the utmost bounds of earth;  
Time's bulwarks fell before your magic gaze,  
And lo! you glimpsed all life. These latest days  
Applaud you: seven cities claim your birth,  
O bard, a thousand cities hold you dear.  
Your reach is as the goings of the sun,  
Which scorns no distant nook. Your course shall run  
Still on and on, until the last dim year  
When man shall be no more, when time shall be  
A scroll rolled up, and lost eternally.



*A Song for Morning*

Makers of poems limpid and liling,  
 Strummers of tunes romantic and tearful,  
 Learn the fresh music of mountains gigantic,  
 Heed the wild runes of the free-bounding rivers;  
 Hark to the corn song that bursts from the prairie—  
 Song old as nature, dewy as morning,  
 Song everlasting, regenerating,  
 Sung by our sires in pioneer cabins,  
 Hummed by our mothers, by Indians threatened,  
 Over the cradles of bourgeoning peoples.

Learn the new chants of times democratic,  
 Free as the ocean, strong as the tempest;  
 Sing the new life of comrades close-tethered;  
 Sing the new love that leaps over mountains,  
 Crossing the sea and flooding like sunrise.

Makers of poems limpid and liling,  
 Leave the old tunes of vanishing nations,  
 Learn the fresh songs of a new world affection,  
 Chant the new music of brothers and lovers.

*When April Comes*

When April comes, and on the air  
Is wafted forth an incense rare  
Which tells of gardens lately blown,  
Of orchard trees with beauty strown,  
The pink of apple, peach and pear,—  
Then earth becomes a place so fair  
That men forget their weight of care;  
For who could nurse a heart of stone  
    When April comes!

Then happiness is everywhere,  
Our very breathing kills despair.  
Although we know some glad hopes sown  
Shall still be hopes, with summer flown,  
Yet smiles and posies shall we wear,  
    When April comes.

*Spring Song*

With my ear pressed to the earth,  
 Long I held my breath and listened,  
 Till the last snow flurry fled,  
 And the last frost blossom glistened;  
 And I heard it, yes, I heard it,  
 Heard her voice of mirth and laughter;  
 And I saw her tripping toward me  
 With her rose girls coming after—  
 Spring, the queen of love and longing,  
 With her nymphs of beauty thronging.

As she sped along the path,  
 Sunbeams hastened to caress her;  
 And the gentle winds, long prisoned,  
 Vied, impassioned, to possess her;  
 Violets, forget-me-nots,  
 Bloodroot and anemones,  
 Sprang from every spot she touched,  
 And the barren apple trees  
 Burst again in tinted glory  
 Freed from Winter's sceptre hoary.

*April*

For lyric springtime we have waited long  
Whose hearts as well as heads have felt the blast:  
From sorrowing our lips had lost their song  
Till April topped the hill and brought at last  
The welcome news, which made our hearts beat  
fast—

The news that winter had been bound and slain,  
That spring and song and joy were come to earth  
again.

And now that April, with her birds, is here,  
All care shall be forgot; sweet song shall lead  
Through waking orchards, where the dawning year  
Prepares a feast of beauty for our need.  
Our feet rejoice to press the freshening mead  
As we again explore the land of dreams,  
Of gay romance, by youthtime's clear and singing  
streams.

The north wind lurks no more; he journeys now  
Beyond the hostile reaches of the sun,  
Who soon, for our delight, shall trim each bough

LINCOLN AND OTHERS

With rose and snow. He yields in power to none,  
That kingly orb of light: his race begun,  
The fields shall laugh again, all tongues shall sing,  
And heaven itself rejoice in earth's new blossoming.

*Song*

I said in my heart,  
My lonely heart,  
    "All love is dead";  
But behold! a friend  
Brought a wealth of cheer,  
    And gave me bread.

I said in my heart,  
My aching heart,  
    "God sends but night";  
Then the sun shone forth  
And enwrapped the earth  
    In golden light.

I said in my heart,  
My breaking heart,  
    That death is king;  
And behold! the earth  
Felt the south wind's warmth,  
    And lo! 'twas spring!



*Apocalypse*

There's enough of God  
In the heart of a rose,  
In the smile of a child,  
In the dewy blossom of dawn,  
To prove  
That beauty is the soul of Him,  
That love is His sceptre,  
And that all things created by Him  
Face, not the night,  
But an eternal morning.

*Friendliness*

The wonder of the mighty pyramids,  
The stateliness of Athens' noblest shrine,  
The majesty of Taurus, grim and old,  
The grandeur of the castles by the Rhine—  
I quite forget them all if I may hear  
A purple martin's note of friendly cheer.

*In Blossom-Time*

In blossom-time, can any say  
 That life is desolate and gray?  
 When cherry boughs are drifted snow,  
 When springtime couriers, singing, go  
 Through orchard lanes, which for a day  
 Are very heaven, who could lay  
 Upon the gods of far-away  
 One word of blame for fret or woe—  
     In blossom-time?

What man could hate or envy know  
 When apple-blossoms burst and blow?  
 When, free at last, the kindly May  
 Endeavours Winter's debts to pay—  
     In blossom-time?

*Poet to Cynic*

You rail, proud cynic, at the songs we sing;  
 You say the world cares nothing for our lays,  
 Reserving for old Omar all your praise.  
 That may be true; but, when the winter's sting  
 At last is tamed, and when the joyous spring  
 Returns to earth, long desolate and cold,  
 And bids the lilies, bursting from the mould,  
 Proclaim that Beauty lives—then do you fling  
 Your heartless jibes at those who hear the song,  
 Who see the gleam, who trust the springtime  
     hope?  
 Let those who will, in faithless silence grope—  
 And let those sing whose hearts with faith are  
     strong!

*To John Burroughs*

In Memory

We waste our days with creeds and empty words,  
Pretending God will give attention due.

Alas, He does not hear! He turned to you,  
Who knew and loved His roses and His birds.

You had no time for proudly pious vows,  
So humbled were you by the dawn's surprise.  
You searched no book for miracles: your eyes  
Found wonders strange among the blossomed  
boughs.

Bequeath to us your wisdom, prophet sage,  
That we at last may learn the way of life,  
That we may not be stifled by the strife  
Of brutal men, in this inglorious age.  
Although your feet now tread immortal ways,  
Your spirit still shall light our clouded days.

*Blind*

Oh, falsely pious, bound with sombre vows,  
You rail at beauty, hold it sin to smile;  
'Tis all in vain the Maytime wreathes its boughs  
With snowy bloom—you hold your eyes the while  
To musty books! How can you reconcile  
Your dull, grey faith with these gold-sprinkled ways,  
With this gay orchard beauty, mile on mile?  
Your God is not the God of these ambrosial days,  
When every bush and tree is full of joy and praise.

*The Poet's Call*

By day the fields and meadows cry,  
By night the bright stars plead;  
He hears the message from on high,  
And to the call gives heed.

The roses tremble as he nears,  
And cry, "Rejoice, rejoice!"  
The rocks break forth as he appears,  
"God sends a Voice, a Voice!"



*To Wordsworth*

The daisies and the dancing daffodils  
 Were friends of yours; to you all things were fair  
 In heaven and earth, God's thoughts were every-  
 where:

And yet your chief delights were woods and hills.  
 You walked, elate, amid their peaceful shade,  
 Though war was raging in the land of kings;  
 Your mind was set on dawns and flowering springs,  
 On sunny noons, whose light can never fade  
 For him whose thought is high as are the skies.  
 How much we need you now, great poet heart!  
 You learned to live within, to dwell apart,  
 Content with stars and morning's glad surprise.  
 Look now on us, whose frettings never cease,  
 And point the way to reverence and peace.

*Blind Eyes*

"Great Pan is dead!" they cried. And sad-robed  
priests

In long processions gloried in his death.

But even as they went their way, the breath

Of God blew over hill and vale, and feasts

Of loveliness were set for men. June spread

Upon the earth a carpeting of green,

And where was bleakness, fields of gold were  
seen.

The priests saw not: they cried, "Great Pan is  
dead!"

*Up and Down the River*

Up and down the river,  
In these Junetime days,  
Fairy dreams and voices  
Haunt the grassy ways.

There are songs for sadness,  
There are smiles for tears,  
There is balm for sorrow,  
Peace for troubled years.

Still some posies linger  
In the shady nooks,  
And the birds teach wisdom  
Never found in books.

Daisies throng the meadow  
Yonder where the sun  
Tells the happy neighbours  
Summer's well begun.

Up and down the river  
Who could hint at grief  
Where dear, loving Nature  
Speaks through every leaf!

LINCOLN AND OTHERS

Though to-morrow bring me  
Care and shadows grey,  
Up and down the river—  
There's my heart to-day.

*King of an Acre*

A king of bluest blood am I,  
 Though gold and purple pass me by;  
 By right divine I wield the rod  
 Above this realm of sod and clod.

My palace home is passing plain—  
 A simple cottage by the lane;  
 Beneath its roof what hours are spent  
 Of kingly thought and proud content!

My Queen, what royal garb has she—  
 The robes of worth and purity;  
 A rod of love her fair hands hold,  
 A sceptre mightier than of gold.

No hunting grounds my kingdom knows:  
 I find fair sport in fat bean rows,  
 And in the maze of bush and vine,  
 And tangled wealth of eglantine.

What need have I of golden crown,  
 Of jewelled throne or fair renown?  
 I look at none with jealous eye,  
 For who has more of sun and sky?

LINCOLN AND OTHERS

Oh, who would not a monarch be  
Of cot and hearth, of bush and tree!  
He shall not ask a beggar's dole  
Who has an acre—and his soul.

*The Kingdom*

Where is the Kingdom? asked the pompous priest,  
Weighted with lore, and spent with fast and feast.  
The lowly Christ on his pretensions smiled,  
And simply said, "In the heart of a little child."



*Hut Happiness*

Let men of pride rush madly on and on,  
And men of daring sail the vengeful sea;  
In this plain hut, with quietude of dawn  
And starry eve my friends, is joy for me.

The hollyhocks are comrades I can trust,  
The daisies never fail me in my need;  
Content and health enhance my scanty crust;  
Though poor in gold, my soul is rich indeed.

LINCOLN AND OTHERS

Woe is me! The streets are full of crying  
Because of the strife of the traders,  
Who have stripped and ravished me  
Who am first-born daughter of summer.

Woe is me! Before the nations arose  
Children played about me,  
And I mingled my laughter with their singing;  
Women went out to the harvest with their mates,  
And there were merry-makings  
And songs of ingathering.

Alas! that men have stripped me and ravished me  
And have gone forth to battle for my beauty.  
God will avenge me. He will strike them.  
With fiery bolts from heaven shall He stop them;  
And again there shall be quiet fields  
And rustling grasses and sunset songs  
And sweet night crooning.

*Romance*

I have not sung of Arcady,  
Because I live there still.  
I have not lauded love's sweet ways,  
Nor praised the charm of summer days,  
For love has not deserted me,  
And summer has not ceased to be:  
I have not sung of Arcady,  
Because I live there still.

*Humdrum*

Are they worth while, these tasteless everydays,  
 Replete with tasks that warp the very soul?  
 For all this toil is there some splendid goal?  
 Do they speak true who have but words of praise  
 For those who drudge, nor lift their heads to sing,  
 For those who meekly yield and ask not why,  
 Who, tombed in walls of greed, know not the sky,  
 Know not the spell of dawn, the thrill of spring?  
 Heaven forbid! All things in earth are wrong  
 If toil is blest that stills the voice of song!

*Pilots*

When weary of the ugliness of life—  
The glaring streets, the tomblike walls of grey,  
The surging crowds, whose mad, unseemly strife  
Becomes a wild carouse when gone the day—  
What is there that can lure our thoughts away?  
Keats holds the key to far-off realms of gold,  
And Shelley to the isles of deathless May;  
And if one seeks for some adventure bold,  
“Don Juan” will steer the boat while new, strange  
worlds unfold.

*Release*

I am weary of streets and cities,  
With their palaces of plunder;  
I would go where no man can fret me,  
Where no gossiping tongue can beset me;  
I am hungry for tempest and thunder,  
For some fastness high up in the mountains.  
I am tired of the rippling of fountains,  
I am worn with the lilting of ditties,  
I am starving for splendour and wonder!

Cities were built for dead men,  
Slain by the greed of getting;  
And streets were made for mad men,  
For men without eyes, for sad men:  
I will leave their noise and their fretting  
For some height where the dawn, at breaking,  
Announces strange worlds, where the shaking  
And shimmering stars have led men  
To dream of a heaven besetting.

*Prayer of the Poor*

Written in a City Park

For the joy of cool, green places,  
For the smiles of kindly faces,  
We, the poor, give thanks to-day;  
We, the care-beridden toilers,  
We, the broken, prisoned moilers  
Would not, thankless, go our way.

But we want the scent of roses  
For our joy, as each day closes,  
Lest our drudging starve our souls;  
For our children give us flowers,  
Give us rest and laughing hours,  
Give us homes and hearths as goals.

We would work, but not with sighing,  
We would build, but not by dying—  
We are not dumb brutes, but men!  
For our errors grant us pardon,  
But, O Lord, let Eden garden,  
With its beauty, come again.



*With Gratitude for "Leaves of Grass"*

If I could sail far out upon some sea,  
Or in some fronded island dwell alone,  
I'd bid farewell to all anxiety,  
And let one day for twenty years atone.  
I'd cast across the world this heart of stone!  
But since within these walls I must be pent,  
I take old Walt, and read, and am content.

*The Lonely Way*

For every man there stretches, through the years,  
A lonely way. He may have hosts of friends  
Who vow to love and trust him till life ends,  
Still must he walk alone the path of fears  
And doubts and weariness. The way appears  
To childhood's eyes a fairy path of dreams  
Which, thronged with gay companions, ever seems  
More richly promising and free from tears.  
But manhood's dawn brings disillusionment;  
Friends drop away, by circumstances prest.  
By life's high noon he hastens toward the west  
With face stern-set, alone, by hard bonds pent.  
How happy they who can their dreams renew  
When youth is past, when cherished friends are few!

*The Procession*

Time hurries on. We fret and cry, "Oh, stay!"  
But Time replies: "We serve not yesterday;  
A hundred years together must we tread;  
Now would you halt, lie prostrate with the dead?  
Our goal lies far beyond that distant hill,  
Then on—and on; and would you now stand  
still?"

Time hurries on; we follow. Youth and maid  
Would linger long in love's delicious shade,  
But Time says no. The strong, ambitious man  
Asks but for leisure to perfect his plan;  
But no, Time stern replies. The hand of death  
Lays low a friend; we ask, with halted breath,  
For but a day to bear her to her grave;  
Time frowns: "No act can now her spirit save;  
Still on," he cries, "we shall not find the dawn  
Till all the hours and all the days are gone."

*To the Poets*

As city dwellers, pent with dust and heat,  
 Repair to mountain heights to slake their thirst,  
 To feed their famished souls, so we, fret-curst,  
 Come to your founts to drink your wisdom sweet.  
 We weary of the drab and toilsome marts;  
 At eventide our spirits drag, forlorn;  
 Then what a boon to find your songs of morn,  
 Of buoyant hope! You lift our drooping hearts  
 From bitter thoughts to psalms of love and praise;  
 Cares fly away and trouble seeks its den,  
 While youth returns to light our path again;  
 Our feet are set upon eternal ways.  
 Pure Keats, blithe Burns, and Shelley, morning star,  
 Desert us not, who still must travel far.

*The Eternal*

The dust is ages deep  
On boastful Babel land,  
And Cleopatra's wealth  
Is lost in drifted sand,  
And paralysed for aye  
Is Cæsar's sceptred hand.

But Greece—what glory hers  
For art and mystic lore!  
Old Æschylus still sings,  
And Plato opes the door  
To Wisdom's high retreat  
For man—still drunk with gore.

Jerusalem, once proud,  
Is now a beggar throng;  
Its walls are broken down  
Though once serenely strong;  
But still the air is sweet  
With plaintive Hebrew song.

*"Paradise Enow"*

Give me true friends, good books, both new and old,  
An afternoon of talk, serene and long;  
Then add an hour for dining, one for song,  
And you may take all else. My bag of gold,  
My silver plate—let these be freely doled  
To those who lack the prize of loving friends.  
True comradeship enjoys, proud wealth pretends;  
Life's choicest treasures are not bought and sold.  
Thus shall I go, untroubled, down the years:  
If riches fail, my friends may heed my plea,  
And if I reap a heritage of tears,  
Their words will calm my grief. If life should be  
By Prosper blest, my days devoid of fears,—  
With loyal friends, earth will be heaven for me.

*If Winter Comes*

If winter comes, and winds blow wild and chill,  
If queenly roses perish with the cold,  
Be well assured that from the ashen mould  
Shall bourgeon lovely gardens that shall fill  
The earth with beauty. For the wood and hill,  
By north wind shorn, bright robes of living green  
Shall soon be wrought, unheard, unseen,  
By Him who turns destruction to His will.  
If winter comes—alas, and it shall come!—  
Men's hearts will ache, by lonely brooding pent;  
In that bleak hour shall every choir be dumb  
That fills our hearts to-day with sweet content:  
Yet Life still reigns, and soon the year will bring  
Maytime and joy, with all things blossoming.

*Lyric*

When gardens die and sunshine fails  
And winds of winter blow,  
'Tis time to kindle joyous fires  
And trust their friendly glow  
To lead us out, by Sea o' Dreams,  
Beyond the Sunset Bar—  
Then back again, to Port o' Home,  
Where love and laughter are.



*Winter Harvest*

When summer days were here  
And earth was arched with blue,  
My heart was filled with fear,  
My head was crowned with rue.

But now that winter reigns,  
Despoiled each flower and tree,  
I count the summer's gains,  
And joy abides with me.

*Trust the Great Artist*

Trust the Great Artist. He  
Who paints the sky and sea  
With shadowed blue, who clothes the land  
In garb of green, and in the spring  
Sets all earth blossoming—  
He guides your destiny.

The magic hand  
That colours dawn with flaming rose,  
That ere the falling night,  
For every soul's delight,  
Pours out the streaming gold—  
That hand, too, holds your life.

His grasp, amid the strife,  
Would shape you to His will:  
Let Him His wish fulfil,  
What though the testings irk,  
Fret not; mar not His work.

Trust the Great Artist, He  
Who made the earth and sea.

*Evidence*

"Where is God?" inquired the mind;  
 "To His presence I am blind.  
 I can tell each blade of grass,  
 Read the tempests as they pass;  
 I have learned what metals lie  
 In the earth's deep mystery;  
 Every voice of field and wood  
 I have heard and understood;  
 Ancient secrets of the sea  
 Are no longer dark to me:  
 But the wonders of the earth  
 Bring no thought of God to birth."  
*Then the heart spake quietly,*  
*"Hast thou thought of Calvary?"*

"Where is God?" inquired the mind;  
 "To His presence I am blind.  
 I have scanned each star and sun,  
 Traced the certain course they run;  
 I have weighed them in my scale,  
 And can tell when each will fail;  
 From the caverns of the night  
 I have brought new worlds to light;  
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I have measured earth and sky,  
Read each zone with steady eye:  
But no sign of God appears  
In the glory of the spheres."  
*But the heart spake wistfully,*  
*"Hast thou measured Calvary?"*

*Revelation*

Say not that death is king, that night is lord,  
That loveliness is passing, beauty dies;  
Nor tell me hope's a vain, deceptive dream  
Fate lends to life, a pleasing, luring gleam  
To light awhile the earth's despondent skies,  
Till death brings swift and sure its dread reward.  
Say not that youth deceives, but age is true,  
That roses quickly pass, while cypress bides,  
That happiness is foolish, grief is wise,  
That stubborn dust shall choke our human cries.  
Death tells new worlds, and life immortal hides  
Beyond the veil, which shall all wrongs undo.  
This was the tale God breathed to me at dawn  
When flooding sunrise told that night was gone.

*In Memory*

Sleep, Rupert Brooke, of England born,  
By war from your dear gardens torn;  
Though far from Britain lies your mould,  
The love you won shall not grow cold;  
The lonely island where you rest  
By every freeman shall be blest.

Sleep, Alan Seeger. You were true,  
You did not fail your rendezvous.  
Nor was your sacrifice in vain;  
Your tragic loss was mankind's gain;  
So long as earthland shall be free,  
Your name shall live in memory.

Sleep, John McCrae. We heard your call;  
The torch you lighted did not fall;  
Inspired by your despairing breath,  
We seized the sword, met hell and death,  
And drove that vain and cruel foe  
From Flanders Field, "where poppies blow."

*Revolt*

Why prattle of the pageantry of Rome?  
Why celebrate anon the isles of Greece?  
Is all of worth beneath some classic dome,  
Or when did God bid inspiration cease?  
Old Cæsar is as dead as are his slaves;  
Wise Plato set no limits to men's thought;  
Columbus fled from bonds and crossed the waves  
To gain a lore tradition had not taught;  
The Man of Galilee refused to wear  
The shackles haughty priests prescribed for him,  
His spirit was as free as was the air  
That played about the storied Gerizim.  
New thoughts, new dreams, new duties lure us on  
Who hold no sunset fairer than the dawn.

*In an Age of Science*

The little world of olden days is gone,  
A thousand universes come to light;  
The eyes of science penetrate the night  
And bring good tidings of eternal dawn:  
There is no night, they find, there is no death,  
But life begetting ever fuller life;  
They look still deeper, and amid the strife  
They note pervading harmony. The breath  
Of morning sweeps the wastes of earth,  
And we who talked of age become as gods,  
Scanning the spheres, discoursing of the birth  
Of countless suns. No longer human clods,  
We stand alert and speak direct to Him  
Who hides no more behind dumb seraphim.



*Upon Reading a Volume of Ancient  
Chinese Poetry*

And here, in this old book, we find discussed  
 The themes we choose to-day: business and toil,  
 Knowledge and fame, weariness born of moil,  
 Daydreams of youth, visions of love and lust;  
 Whether it pays to work that one may live,  
 Whether it pays to live, if work is all;  
 How one may think great thoughts in one room  
     small,  
 How one may gain great wealth, if he but give;  
 Here one may learn the foolishness of pride,  
 The curse of gold; and here are saintly prayers  
 For high celestial joys: by mystic stairs  
 These old philosophers and poets tried  
 To burst the doors of heaven, as do we—  
 And as they will who after us shall be.





